

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgottē what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horse, the inside of a Churce. Company, villanous company hath bin the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry, I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. swore little, dic't not; aboue seuē times a week went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse,

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of al reasonable compasse, sir Iohn,

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile besworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memor to mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy face: my oth should be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the son of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money, O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bone-fire light thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamader of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Goda mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

Henry the

How now, dame Partlet the h
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hof. Why sir Iohn, what do y
I keepe theeues in my house? I
haz my husband, man by man,
the tigh of a haire was neuer l

Fal. Ye lie, Hostesse, Barde
haire: and ile besworne my po
woman, go.

Hof. VVho I? no, I defie the
so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well.

Hof. No, sir Iohn, you do no
sir Iohn, you owe me money
quarrel to beguile me of it: I be
your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas. I
wiues, they haue made boult.

Ho. Now as I am a true won
owe money here besides sir I
kings, and money lent you, xx

Fal. He had his part of it, let

Ho. He? alas, he is poore, he l

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon
them coine his nose, let them
denyer: what, will you make a
mine case in mine Inne, but I l
lost a seale ring of my Grandf

Hof. O lesfull haue heard the
ost, that that ring was copper

Fal. How? the Prince is a la
were here, I would cudgel him

*Enter the Prince marching
playing on his trunche*

Fal. How now lad? is the w
all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, New

Ho. My Lord I pray you h

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